That my report is iust and full of truth,
But soft, me thinkes I doe digresse too much,
Cyting my worthles praise, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselues.
Marcus. Now is my turne to speake: behold this childe,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge,
These wrongs, vnspeakeable past pacience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romanes?
Haue we done ought amisse? show vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house:
Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.
Marcus. Lucius, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,
To be adiudgd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.
Lucius. Thankes gentle Romaines may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe:

But

3a. adjudge

But gentle people giue me aime awhile,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunke,
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops vpon thy bloud-staine face,
The last true duties of thy noble sonne.
Marc. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the summe of these that I should pay,
Countlesse and infinite, yet would I pay them.
Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs,
To melt in showers, thy Grandsier lou'd thee well,
Many a time he dauntst thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleepe, his louing breast thy pillow,
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
In that respect then, like a louing childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kinde nature doth require it so,
Friends should associate friends in griefe and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.
Puer. O Grandsier, Grandsire, euen with all my hart,
Would I were dead so you did liue againe.
O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.
Romaine. You sad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bene breeder of these dire euents.
Lucius. Set him breast deepe in earth and famish him
There let him stand and raue and cry for foode,
If any one releeues or pities him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.

Some